1501/106.

LYRIC ODES

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR M,DCC,LXXXII.

BY

PETER PINDAR,

A DISTANT RELATION OF THE

POET OF THEBES.

——— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvaſs fire my Lays,
Who ſhow their Works for Profit and for Praiſe;
Whoſe pockets know moſt comfortable Fillings—
Gaining *two Thouſand Pounds* a Year by *Shillings.*

THE SEVENTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, *Fleet-Street*; and W. FORSTER, No. 348, near *Exeter-change*, in the *Strand.*

1787.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

Price Two Shillings.

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THE SEVENTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

Contains two Additional Pieces, a Year by Shillings.

Who does not know what comfortable Things—
Who does not know what Works for Profit and for Praise?
Paint and the Men of Genius are two Lads?

Name stripped off.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

PETER *giveth an Account of his great* RELATION—*boaſteth—praiſeth Sir* WILLIAM CHAMBERS *and* SOMERSET HOUSE—*applaudeth Sir* JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *and ſheweth deep claſſic Learning.*

MY Couſin Pindar, in his Odes,
Applauded Horſejockeys and Gods,
Wreſtlers and Boxers in his verſe divine!
Then ſhall not I, who boaſt his fire,
And old hereditary lyre,
To Britiſh Painters give a golden line?

Say, ſhall yon Dome ſtupendous riſe,
Striking with Attic front the ſkies—
The nurſing dame of many a Painting Ape;*

* *Painting Ape.*—This expreſſion is by no means meant to convey the idea of inſult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will pleaſe to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witneſs my own Odes.—Beſides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a ſimilar alluſion.

And I immortal rhime refuſe,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make poſterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of Couſin Pindar, ho!
By all thy Odes, the world ſhall know,
That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd!---
Sir *William*'s journeymen and tools,
(No pupils of the Chineſe ſchools)
With ſtone, and wood, and lime the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the Knight in rhime,
Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;
Now let us ſee what this rare Dome contains---
Where rival Artiſts for a name,
Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
Have fixt the labours of their bruſh and brains.

O Muſe! Sir *Joſhua*'s maſter-hand
Shall firſt our lyric laud command---
Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot ſo tight!
His Horſes feel a godlike rage,
And long with Yankies to engage---
I think I hear them ſnorting for the fight!

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Behold

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
I wiſh indeed their manes ſo flowing
Were more like hair---the brutes had been as good,
If, flaming with ſuch claſſic force,
They had reſembled leſs that horſe
Call'd Trojan---and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon Angel let us go---
A fine performance too, I trow,
Who rides a Cloud---indeed a pooriſh hack---
Which to my mind doth *certés* bring
That eaſy bum-delighting thing,
Rid by the Chancellor---yclep'd a Sack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly ſay,
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To moſt things by thy able hand expreſt---
Compar'd, alas! to other men,
Thou art an eagle to a wren!---
Now, Mrs. Muſe, attend on Mr. *Weſt*.

ODE II.

PETER *falleth foul on Mr.* WEST *for repreſenting our Bleſſed* REDEEMER *like an* OLD-CLOTHES-MAN — *and for miſrepreſenting the* APOSTLES.—PETER *deſcribeth St.* PAUL, *and* JUDAS *and the* APOSTLES—*Cutteth up Mr.* WEST's *Angels—Attacketh another Picture of Mr.* WEST's—*Weepeth over the hard Fate of* PRINCE OCTAVIUS *and* AUGUSTUS, *Children of our Moſt Glorious Sovereign.*

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done?
Why, painted God Almighty's Son
Like an Old-Clothes-man, about London Street!
Place in his hand a ruſty bag,
To hold each ſweet collected rag;
We then ſhall ſee the character complete.

Th' Apoſtles too, I'm much afraid,
Were not the fellows thou haſt made---
For Heav'n's ſake, *Weſt*, pray rub them out again---
There's not a mortal who believes
They look'd like old * *Salvator*'s Thieves,
Although they might not look like *Gentlemen*.

St. Paul moſt candidly declares,
He could not give himſelf high airs
Upon his perſon---which was rather homely---

* Salvator Roſa, happy in his characters of Banditti.

But

But really, as for all the reſt,
Save Judas, who was a rank beaſt,
They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boaſt the graces---
Two Indian Angels by their faces---
But ſpeak---where are their wings to mount the wind?
One wou'd ſuppoſe M'Bride * had met 'em---
If thou haſt ſpare ones, quickly get 'em,
Or elſe the lads will both be left behind.

Ghoſt of Octavius! tell the Bard,
And thou, Auguſtus, us'd ſo *hard*,
Why *Weſt* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?
You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bid your Royal Couſins bleed,
For which the world the Tyrant's mem'ry damns.

Weſt, I muſt own thou doſt inherit
Some portion of the painting ſpirit---
But truſt me---not extraordinary things---
Some merit thou muſt ſurely own,
By getting up ſo near the throne,
And gaining whiſpers from the Beſt of Kings.

* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his letter to the Admiralty.

ODE III.

PETER *adminiſtereth ſage Advice to very young Painters.*

PEOPLE muſt mount by ſlow degrees to Glory---
'Tis Stairs muſt lead us to the Attic ſtory---
Thus thought my GREAT old Name-ſake, PETER CZAR;
Who bound himſelf, in Holland, to a trade;
A very pretty Carpenter he made;
And then went * home, and built a Man of War.

The Lad who would a 'Pothecary ſhine,
Should powder Claws of Crabs, and Jalap, fine,
Keep the Shop clean, and watch it like a Porter:
Learn to boil Glyſters---nay, to *give* them too,
If blinking Nurſes can't the bus'neſs do;
Write well the Labels, and wipe well the Mortar.

Before that Boys can riſe to Maſter-Tanners,
Humble thoſe Boys muſt be, and mind their manners;
Deſpiſing PRIDE, whoſe wiſh it is to wreck 'em:

And

* To Ruſſia.

And mornings, with a bucket and a ſtick,
Should never once diſdain to pick,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, fair lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus ſhould young Limning Lads themſelves demean;
Learn how to keep their Maſters Bruſhes clean,
And learn to ſqueeze the Colours from the Bladders---
Furbiſh up Rags---the ſhining Pallet ſet—
Keep the Knives bright---and eke the Eaſel neat —
Such arts, to Fame's high Temple are the Ladders.

Young Men---ſo uſeful are the arts I mention;
(Believe me, not an atom is invention).
The Inſtant that I pen this Ode, I know
A Jew-like, ſhock-poll'd, ſcrubby, ſhort, black Man,
More like a Cobler than a Gentleman---
Working on Canvaſs, like a dog in dough.

By Heav'ns! with ſcarce more knowledges than theſe,
He earns a Guinea ev'ry Day with eaſe;
Attempteth heads of Princes, Dogs, Cats, 'Squires---
Now on a Monkey vent'reth—now a Saint—
Talks of *himſelf*, and much himſelf admires,
And ſtruts the verieſt *Bantam Cock* of *Paint*.

But

But mind me, Youths, I don't Conceit adviſe,
Becauſe 'tis fulſome to men's ears and eyes;
Whoſe tongues might cover you with ridicule—
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool?*

Yet, if in ſpite of all the Muſe can ſay,
You will *inſiſt* on going the wrong way,
And *wiſh* to be a Laughing-ſtock—
Copy our little old black Bantam Cock—

Whoſe ſoul, moreover, of ſuch ſort is—
With ſo much acrimony overflows,
As makes him, whereſoe'er he goes,
A walking Thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis.*

ODE

O D E IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH'S PIG—*Recommendeth* LANDSCAPE *to the Artiſt.*

AND now, O Muſe, with ſong ſo big,
Turn round to *Gainſb'rough*'s Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl I rather ſhould have ſaid:
The Pig in white, I muſt allow,
Is really a well-painted Sow:
I wiſh to ſay the ſame thing of the Maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,
Had I their places I ſhould wince,
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:
Juſt like your felons after death,
On Bagſhot, or on Hounſlow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying ſigh.

Yet *Gainſborough* has great merit too,
Wou'd he his charming *fort* purſue---
To mind his Landſcape have the modeſt grace---
Yet there ſometimes are Nature's tints deſpis'd:
I wiſh them more attended to, and priz'd,
Inſtead of Trump'ry that uſurps their place.

O D E V.

PETER *quarreleth with* FAT,—*proveth its fatal Inconveniencies*—*Accounteth for the Leanneſs and Rags of the* MUSES—*Diſplayeth Military Science—Telleth a wonderful Story of a* SPANISH MARQUIS—*Talketh ſenſibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-Horſe*—*Pointeth out the proper Subjects for Greaſe.*

PAINTERS and Poets never ſhould be Fat—
Sons of Apollo! liſten well to that.
Fat is foul weather—dims the Fancy's ſight:
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muſter:
Thus Stars, when pinch'd by froſt, caſt keener luſtre
On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy Fat, I will maintain,
Is perfect Birdlime of the Brain;
And, as to Goldfinches the birdlime clings—
Fat holds Ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the moſt brilliant Thoughts,
Like the Buff-Stop on Harpſichords, or Spinnets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirp'd away like Linnets.

Not

Not only Fat is hurtful to the Arts,
But Love, at Fat—ev'n Love Almighty ſtarts—
Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumſy Fellows,
Panting and blowing like a Blackſmith's Bellows.

In Parliament, amidſt the various chat,
What eloquence of North's is loſt by Fat!
Mute in his head-piece on his boſom hung,
How many a Speech hath ſlept upon his Tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I needs muſt own,
To keep his Sons and Daughters high in bone:
The Nine too, as from Hiſtory we glean,
Are, like Don Quixote's Rosinante, lean;

Who likewiſe fancy all incumbrance bad,
And therefore travel very thinly clad;
Looking like Damſels juſt eſcap'd from jails,
With backs *al freſco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of Fat, would act
A Soldier, or a Sailor?
And 'tis a well-atteſted fact,
Apollo was as nimble as a Taylor.
How could he elſe have caught that handſome flirt,
Miss Daphne, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of Cerona, of great Parts,
Could ſcarce ſupport himſelf, he was ſo big—
He ſtarv'd—drank Vinegar by pints and quarts,
And got down to a Chriſtian—from a Pig.
Some Author ſays, his ſkin (but ſome will doubt him)
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:
His ſkin would really round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
Juſt like a Portugueſe Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed I ſolemnly repeat,
Painters and Bards ſhould very little eat:
No matter, verily, how ſlight their fare—
Nay, though Camelion-like they fed on air—

Elſe they're, like Ladies much inclin'd to Feeding—
Who, often when they fatten, leave off Breeding;
Or, like the Hen, facetious Æſop's ſtory,
So known—I ſhall not lay the Tale before ye.

You would not load with Fat, a Running-Horſe,
Or Greyhound you deſign to courſe;
Nor would you fatten up the Hawk,
You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then

Then pray, young Bruſhmen, if you wiſh to thrive,
And keep your Genius, and the Art alive,
Gobble not quantities of fleſh and fiſh up:
BEINGS who can no harm from Fat receive,
May feaſt ſecurely—then for Heav'n's ſake leave
Greaſe to an Alderman, a Hog, or Biſhop.—

O D E VI.

PETER *flattereth Mr.* MASON CHAMBERLIN—*and that moſt* brilliant *Landſcape-Painter, Mr.* LOUTHERBOURGH—PETER *admireth, praiſeth, and conſoleth the Engliſh* Claude, WILSON.

THY Portraits, *Chamberlin*, may be
A likeneſs, far as I can ſee;
But, faith! I cannot praiſe a ſingle feature:
Yet, when it ſo ſhall pleaſe the Lord,
To make his people out of Board,
Thy pictures will be tolerable Nature.

And *Loutherbourgh*, when Heav'n ſo wills,
To make Braſs Skies, and Golden Hills,
With Marble Bullocks in Glaſs Paſtures grazing;
Thy reputation too will riſe,
And people, gaping with ſurpriſe,
Cry, "Monſieur *Loutherbourgh* is moſt *amazing!*"

But thou muſt wait for that event---
Perhaps the change is never meant---
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not ſhine---
Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilſon*'s art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honeſt *Wilſon*, never mind;
Immortal praiſes thou ſhalt find,
And for a dinner have no cauſe to fear---
Thou ſtart'ſt at my prophetic rhimes---
Don't be impatient for thoſe times;
Wait till thou haſt been dead an hundred year.

O D E VII.

PETER *breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—Adviſeth young Artiſts to do no more than they* can *do—Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.—*PETER *talketh of Æſop's Fables and Mr.* STUBBS—PETER *ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth a Story of an Actor, and concludeth facetiouſly.*

"QUI *ſit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam ſibi ſortem*"—
Was partly written for thoſe fools
Who ſlight the very art that would ſupport 'em,
In ſpite of Gratitude's and Wiſdom's rules.

It

It brings to mind old Æſop's tale, ſo ſweet,
Of a poor country-bumpkin of a Stag,
Who us'd to curſe his clumſy Legs and Feet,
But of his Horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their ſculls,
Could, with the greateſt pleaſure, piece-meal tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the ſtory of the Buck,
Like (many Engliſh ones) much out of luck.

When to a thicket Maſter Buck was chac'd,
His fav'rite Horns contriv'd to ſpoil his trot—
By keeping the young 'Squire in limbo faſt,
Till John the Huntſman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the Graphic Art,
Painters too often their true genius *thwart*;
Mad to accompliſh what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticiſm—a world of fun.

The Man of Hiſt'ry longs to deal in *little*,
Quits laſting oil, for periſhable ſpittle:
The Man of Miniature to Hiſt'ry ſprings,
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like Bruſh,
Makes for Sublimity a daring puſh,
And ſhows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis ſaid that nought ſo much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious Artiſt, Mr. STUBBS,
As calling him a Horſe-painter—How ſtrange,
That STUBBS the title ſhould deſire to change!

Yet doth he curſes on th' occaſion utter,
And fooliſh quarrels with his bread and *butter*.
Yet, after Landſcape, Gentlemen and Ladies,
This very Mr. STUBBS prodigious mad is;

So quits his Horſe—on which the Man might ride
To Fame's fair Temple, happy and unhurt;
And takes a Hobby-horſe to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The ſelf-ſame folly reigns, too, on the Stage,
Such for impoſſibilities the rage!
The Man of Farce, to Tragedy aſpires,
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires---

Weston for *Hamlet* and *Othello* ſigh'd,
And thought it dev'liſh hard to be denied.---
The courtly Abington's untoward Star
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And ſink the *Lady* to the Waſhing-tub---
So whiſper'd---" Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*"---
To folly full as great, ſome imp may lug her,
And bid her ſlink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An Actor, living at this time,
That now I pen my verſe ſublime,
Could not, to ſave his ſoul, find out his *fort*---
But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,
He on the ſubject got a deal of light;
And thus doth Fame the circumſtance report.

After exhibiting to Pit, and Boxes,
To take a dram, the Actor ſtroll'd to * Fox's---
Where ſoon his friend came in, ſuch fine things ſaying,

* A Tavern near the Playhouſe.

Offering a thouſand pretty ſalutations,
With full-confirming Oath-ejaculations
Unto this Son of Theſpis, for his playing.

" By Heav'ns!" quoth he, " unrivall'd is thy merit---
" Thou play'dſt to-night, my friend, with matchleſs ſpirit:
" Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to H-ll,
" If ever part was acted half ſo well!"

The Actor bluſh'd, and bow'd, and ſilly look'd,
To hear ſuch compliments ſo nicely cook'd---
Getting the better of his *mauvaiſe honte*—
And ſtaring at the other's ſteady front,

He aſk'd---' What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
' I know of none that you ſhould ſo commend'---
" What part!" replied the other with an oath:
" The *hind-part* of a JACK-ASS, * my dear friend!"

The Player, pleas'd inſtead of being hurt,
Thank'd him for the diſcovery of his *fort*---
Purſued his genius---ſought no higher game,
And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvied* fame.

* A Part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obſtinacy, and tail-wriggling.

ODE

O D E VIII.

PETER *abuſeth Mr. and Mrs.* COSWAY.

FIE, *Coſway!* I'm aſham'd to ſay
Thou own'ſt the title of R. A.---
I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's ſending---
Some honeſt calling quickly find,
And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,
Or ſhirts and ſhifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a ſhirt,
Or mend, or from it waſh the dirt,
Better than paint---the Poet for thee feels---
Or take a ſtitch up in thy ſtocking,
(Which for a wife is very ſhocking)
I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your ſkulls,
To make you act ſo like two fools,
T'expoſe your daubs, tho' made with wond'rous pains out?
Could *Raphael*'s angry ghoſt ariſe,
And on the figures caſt his eyes,
He'd catch a piſtol up, and blow your brains out.

Muse, in this criticiſm, I fear,
Thou really haſt been too ſevere:
Cosway paints Miniature with truth and ſpirit,
And Mrs. Cosway boaſts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
And ſhun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger aſſerts---"*qui jugulat*"---
Id eſt---the fellow would not murder, boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat:*
That is, the Bard would daſh through thick and thin,
And, like a ruffian, would ſo uſe ye, that
He would not leave a whole bone in your ſkin.

O D E IX.

PETER *exhibiteth Bible Knowledge—Condemneth Imitators, and maketh Compariſons.*

SIR JOSHUA---for I've read my Bible over,
Of whoſe fine art I own myſelf a lover,
Puts me in mind of Mathew, the firſt chapter—
Abrâm got Iſaac—Iſaac, Jacob got—
Joſeph to get, was lucky Jacob's Lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very *nat'rally* made others,
Continuing to the end of a long chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, poſſibly, not with ſo much delight,
As Queenſb'ry's DUKE delighting in *good courſes*,
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night),
The noble pedigrees of Running-Horſes,
Penn'd with a deal of ſubtlety, and labor,
By that great Turf-Apoſtle, Mr. HEBER.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd
A hoſt of Copyiſts, much of the ſame feature;
By which the Art hath greatly been abus'd—
I own Sir JOSHUA, *great*—but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten-times worſe—
The progreſs of the Art to curſe:
The *Copyiſts* have been *copied* too;
And that, I'm ſure, will never do.

Such Painters are like Pointers hunting game—
Intent on pleaſure, and Dog-fame;
Suppoſe a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and ſcamp'ring, croſſing the field o'er.

One Pointer ſcents the Partridge---points---
Fix'd like a ſtatue on the pleaſing gale!
How act the others?---Stop their ſcamp'ring joints;
And, lo! one's *Noſe* is on his neighbour's *Tail*.

Perhaps this Dog-compariſon of mine,
Though vaſtly natural, and vaſtly fine,
May not be fully underſtood
By all the youngling Painter Brood;
Therefore, that into error they may'nt roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppoſe a Damſel of the Cyprian claſs,
A freſh-imported, lovely, blooming laſs,
Gay, careleſs, ſmiling, ogling in the Park—

Suppoſe

Suppoſe thoſe charms, ſo pleaſing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and ſtart the am'rous ſigh,
Of ſome young roving military Spark!

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he ſtops—all-over ſtaring wonder—
A thouſand fancies, his warm brain ſurround;
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards thoſe faſcinating charms
That rous'd the hoſt of Paſſions up in arms.

A brother Enſign ſpies the ſtock-ſtill lad,
And ſudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—
Another Enſign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his ſupple-jack, deep-marv'ling leans:

Another Enſign after *him*, too, ſauntering,
Stops ſhort, and to his eye applies his glaſs—
To know what ſtay'd his brother Enſign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the LASS.

Thus noſing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row the King's red Pack;
Except the *firſt*, whom NATURE's charms inflame---
His noſe is properly towards the *game*.

E'en

E'en ſo, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts purſue;
Whilſt half the ſilly Bruſhmen of the land,
Contented take the NYMPH at *ſecond-hand*;
Imps, who juſt boaſt the merit of *Tranſlators*---
Horace's *ſervum pecus*---*Imitators*.

O D E X.

PETER *jeereth Meſſieurs* SERRES *and* ZOFFANI, *and praiſeth and condemneth Mr.* BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,
I better works than yours have ſeen---
You'll ſay, no compliment can well be colder---
Why, as you ſcarce are in your prime,
And wait the ſtrength'ning hand of Time,
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older *.

Believe me, BARRET, thou haſt truth and taſte;
Yet ſometimes art thou apt to be *unchaſte*:
Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags---
Too oft thy Landſcapes, Bonfires ſeem to be;
And in thy buſtling Clouds, methinks I ſee
The Reſurrection of OLD RAGS.

* The firſt is about 70 years of age, and the laſt 63 or 64.

O *Catton*,

O CATTON, our poor feelings ſpare!
Suppreſs thy traſh another year;
Nor of thy folly make us ſay a hard thing---
And lo! thoſe daubs amongſt the many,
Painted by Mr. EDWARD PENNY!
They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

O D E XI.

PETER *cannonadeth* FASHION—*Adviſeth People to uſe their own Eyes and Noſes; and ordereth what is to be done with a* bad *Noſe.*

ONE Year the Pow'rs of Faſhion rule
In favour of the Roman School---
Then hey, for Drawing! Raphael and Pouſſin.
The following year, the Flemiſh Schools ſhall ſtrike---
Then hey, for Col'ring---Rubens and Vandyke;
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar---
FASHION too often makes a monſtrous noiſe,
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
The pooreſt traſh, the meaneſt toys.

And as a Gang of Thieves a buſtle make,
With greater eaſe your purſe to take,
So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to ſtun a ſtone,
And fairly picks the Pocket of your Brain,
That is, if any Brain you chance to own.

Carry your Eyes with you where-e'er you go---
For not to truſt to them, is to abuſe 'em,
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wiſe old Lady meant that you ſhould *uſe* 'em;
And yet, what thouſands, to our vaſt ſurpriſe,
Of Pictures judge by other people's Eyes!

When Nature made a preſent of a Noſe
To each man's face, we juſtly may ſuppoſe
She meant, that for itſelf the Noſe ſhould *think*,
And *judge* in matters of Perfume and Stink;
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear Horn Spectacles upon its back---
"Suppoſe it cannot ſmell, what then?" you'll ſay.
Fling it away.

ODE

O D E XII.

The LYRIC BARD *groweth witty on Mr.* PETERS's *Angel and Child— and Madam* ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

DEAR *Peters!* who, like Luke the Saint,
A man of Goſpel art, and Paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
If Heav'n's fair Angels are like thine,
Our Bucks, I think, O grave Divine,
May meet in t'other world the Nymphs of Drury.

The Infant Soul I do not much admire:
It boaſteth ſomewhat more of fleſh than fire---
The picture, *Peters*, cannot much adorn ye---
I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little Sinner,
Poor ſoul! hath made a hearty dinner,
Before it ventur'd on ſo long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains---
Her art ſo ſweetly canvaſs ſtains!---
Her Dames, ſo Grecian! give me ſuch delight!
But, were ſhe married to ſuch gentle males
As figure in her painted tales---
I fear ſhe'd find a ſtupid wedding-night.

O D E XIII.

PETER *laſheth the Ladies.—He turneth Story-teller.*—PETER *grieveth.*

ALTHOUGH the Ladies with ſuch Beauty blaze,
They very frequently my paſſion raiſe---
Their charms compenſate, ſcarce, their want of *Taſte*---
Paſſing amidſt the EXHIBITION crowd,
I heard ſome Damſels *faſhionably* loud,
And thus I give the Dialogue that paſs'd.

" Oh! the dear Man! (cried one) look! here's a bonnet!
" He ſhall paint *me*---I am determin'd on it---
" Lord! Couſin, ſee! how beautiful the Gown!
" What charming Colours! here's fine Lace, here's Gauze!
" What pretty Sprigs the fellow draws!
" Lord, Couſin! he's the cleverеſt Man in town!"

" Ay, Couſin," cried a ſecond, " very true---
" And here, here's charming green, and red and blue---
" There's a complexion beats the *Rouge* of WARREN!

See

" See thoſe red Lips, oh la! they are ſo nice!
" What roſy Cheeks then, Couſin, to entice!—
" Compar'd to this, all other heads are carrion.—

" Couſin, this Limner quickly will be ſeen
" Painting the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the QUEEN:
" Pray, don't you think as I do, *Coz?*
" But we'll be painted *firſt*, that's *poz*."

Such was the very *pretty* Converſation
That paſs'd between the *pretty* Miſſes,
Whilſt unobſerv'd, the glory of our Nation,
Cloſe by them hung SIR JOSHUA's matchleſs pieces—
Works! that a TITIAN's hand could form alone—
Works! that a REUBENS had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye
What lately happen'd—therefore a true Story.

A STORY.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
My wond'ring eyes did ſuddenly expand
Upon a pretty leaſh of Country Laſſes.—
" Heav'ns! My dear beauteous Angels, how d'ye do?
" Upon my ſoul I'm monſtrous glad to ſee ye."
" Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you*;
" We're juſt to London come—well, pray how be ye?

" We're juſt a going, while 'tis light,
" To ſee St. PAUL's before 'tis dark.—
" Lord! come, for once, be ſo polite,
" And condeſcend to be our ſpark."

" With all my heart, my Angels."—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd:
Now did I hug myſelf to think
How much that glorious ſtructure would ſurpriſe—
How from its awful grandeur they would ſhrink
With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,
St. PAUL's juſt opening on our view;

Behold,

Behold, my lovely ſtrangers, one and all,
Gave, all at once, a diabolic ſquawl,
As if they had been tumbled on the ſtones,
And ſome confounded cart had cruſh'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
And ſticking to a Ribbon-Shop their eyes---
They all ruſh'd in, with ſounds enough to ſtun---
And clattering all together, thus begun.---

" Swinge! here are Colours then, to pleaſe!
" Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!
" Why! not to ſee ſuch things as theſe,
" We never ſhould have been forgiv'n.—

" Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!
" And, Siſter, here, upon my word—
" Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight;
" Why! how a body's heels might dance
" Along from Launceſton to Penzance,
" Before that one might meet with ſuch a ſight!"

" Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark," cried I—" I fear:
" Pray let us view St. PAUL's, it is ſo near."---
" Lord! PETER, (cried the girls) don't mind St. PAUL!---
" Sure! you're a moſt *incurious* ſoul---

" Why

" Why---we can ſee the Church another day,
" Don't be afraid---St. PAUL's can't *run away*."

READER,

If e'er thy boſom felt a Thought *ſublime*,
Drop tears of pity with the Man of Rhime!

ODE XIV.

PETER *diſclaimeth Flattery—Deſcribeth the* GRAND MONARQUE—*and promiſeth critical Candour.*

'TIS very true, that Flattery's not my *fort*—
I cannot to Stupidity pay court—
And ſwear a face *looks ſenſe*, (the picture puffing)
That boaſts no more *expreſſion* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiſs;
Although he tells a moſt confounded lie---
KING LEWIS leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his People all, LE GRAND MONARQUE---
A Demi-God in every Frenchman's eye.

His Portrait by ſome famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *Salon*---
At once a courtly Critic *criticiſes*---

" Where

" Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
" The ſenſe profound that marks the Royal Face---
" The *Soul* of LEWIS, that ſo very *wiſe is?*"

Yet when he bawl'd for Senſe, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the head had never *got*.
Reader, believe me that this *Gentleman*
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.---

Clumſy in legs and ſhoulders, head and gullet,
His mouth abroad in ſeeming wonder loſt,
As if its meaning had given up the ghoſt:
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet;
Nature ſo ſlighting the poor Royal Nob,
As if ſhe bargain'd for it, by the *job*.

Therefore, ſhould mighty G....., or great LORD NORTH,
Both *Gentlefolks* of high condition,
Think it worth while to ſend their Faces forth,
To ſtare amidſt the ROYAL EXHIBITION---

If Likeneſſes, I'll not condemn the Pictures,
To compliment thoſe mighty People's polls.---
I ſcorn to paſs unfair, and cruel ſtrictures,
By aſking for the *Graces*, or their *Souls*.

O D E XV.

PETER *praiſeth Mr.* STUBBS, *and adminiſtereth wholeſome Advice—Surpriſeth Mr.* HONE *with a Compliment—Concludeth with ſuſpecting the Ingratitude of the* ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-pleas'd thy Horſes, *Stubbs*, I view,
And eke thy Dogs, to nature true:
Let modern artiſts match thee if they can---
Such animals thy genius ſuit---
Then ſtick, I beg thee, to the Brute,
And meddle not with Woman, nor with Man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*---
In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,
As in his Landſcape ſtands th' unrival'd *Claude*---
Of pictures I have ſeen enough,
Moſt vile, moſt execrable ſtuff!
But none ſo bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cauſe of Painting loyal
Sublime I've ſung to Artiſts Royal---
With Labour-pains the Muſe hath ſore been torn!
And yet each Academic Face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To ſmile upon the Bantling, now 'tis born.

FINIS.